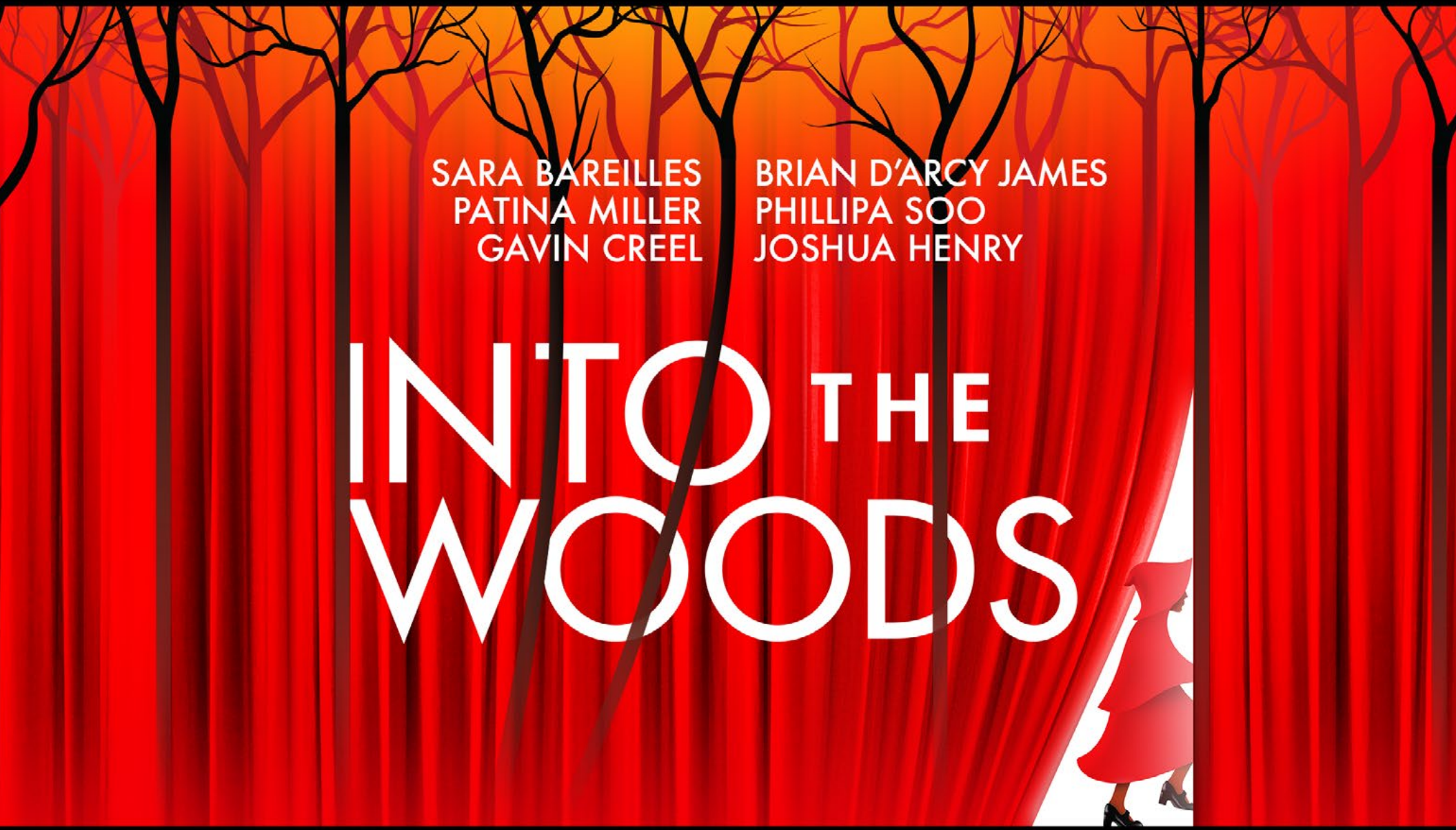
2022 BROADWAY CAST RECORDING



MUSIC & LYRICS BY
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

BOOK BY
JAMES LAPINE

DIRECTED BY
LEAR DEBESSONET

Company – "Finale: Children Will Listen"

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. Prologue: Into the Woods . . . . . Company
2. Cinderella at the Grave . . . . . Narrator, Cinderella, Cinderella's Mother
3. Hello, Little Girl . . . . . Wolf, Little Red Ridinghood
4. I Guess This Is Goodbye . . . . . Jack
5. Maybe They're Magic . . . . . Baker's Wife, Baker
6. I Know Things Now . . . . . Little Red Ridinghood
7. A Very Nice Prince . . . . . Cinderella, Baker's Wife
8. First Midnight . . . . . Company
9. Giants in the Sky . . . . . Jack
10. Agony . . . . . Cinderella's Prince, Rapunzel's Prince
11. It Takes Two . . . . . Baker's Wife, Baker
12. Second Midnight . . . . . Company
13. Stay With Me . . . . . Witch, Rapunzel
14. On the Steps of the Palace . . . . . Cinderella
15. Ever After . . . . . Company
16. Prologue: So Happy . . . . . Company
17. Agony (Reprise) . . . . . Cinderella's Prince, Rapunzel's Prince
18. Witch's Lament . . . . . Witch
19. Any Moment . . . . . Cinderella's Prince, Baker's Wife
20. Moments in the Woods . . . . . Baker's Wife
21. Your Fault . . . . . Baker, Jack, Witch, Cinderella, Little Red Ridinghood
22. Last Midnight . . . . . Witch
23. No More . . . . . Baker, Mysterious Man
24. No One Is Alone . . . . . Cinderella, Little Red Ridinghood, Baker, Jack
25. Finale: Children Will Listen . . . . . Baker, Baker's Wife, Witch, Company

CAST

Baker's Wife	SARA BAREILLES
Baker	BRIAN D'ARCY JAMES
Witch	PATINA MILLER
Cinderella	PHILLIPA SOO
Cinderella's Prince / Wolf	GAVIN CREEL
Rapunzel's Prince	JOSHUA HENRY
Little Red Ridinghood	JULIA LESTER
Jack	COLE THOMPSON
Narrator / Mysterious Man	DAVID PATRICK KELLY
Cinderella's Mother / Granny / Giant	ANNIE GOLDEN
Cinderella's Stepmother	NANCY OPEL
Jack's Mother	AYMEE GARCIA
Lucinda	TA'NIKA GIBSON
Cinderella's Father	ALBERT GUERZON
Florinda	BROOKE ISHIBASHI
Milky-White	KENNEDY KANAGAWA
Steward	DAVID TURNER
Rapunzel	ALYSIA VELEZ

Understudies . . . . . DELPHI BORICH, FELICIA CURRY, JASON FORBACH, ALEX JOSEPH GRAYSON, CAMERON JOHNSON, PAUL KREPPEL, MARY KATE MOORE, DIANE PHELAN, LUCIA SPINA

Production Supervisor	CODY RENARD RICHARD
Company Manager	LIZBETH CONE

ENCORES! ORCHESTRA

ROB BERMAN	Music Director / Conductor
JOHN BELL	Associate Music Director
SUZANNE ORNSTEIN	Concertmaster
MONICA DAVIS	Violin
DAVID BLINN	Viola
RICHARD BRICE	Viola
DEBOARAH ASSAEL-MIGLIORE	Cello
LISA STOKES	Bass
JEREMY CLAYTON	Flutes
NUNO ANTUNES	Clarinets
JOHN WINDER	Bassoon
TIMOTHY SCHADT	Trumpet
WILL de VOS	Horn
RHEAGAN OSTEEN	Horn
ERIK CHARLSTON	Percussion
JOSHUA ROSENBLUM	Piano
DAVID GURSKY	Keyboard
KRISTINA MUSSER	Violin
CONWAY KUO	Violin
KIMBERLEE WERTZ	Music Coordinator
JOSH CLAYTON	Music Preparation
RANDY COHEN	Keyboard Programming

AUTHOR'S NOTE "Once Upon a Time..."

...In 1982 I had the good fortune to be introduced to the great composer and lyricist Stephen Sondheim about possibly working together on a musical, a meeting which eventually led to our first collaboration, *Sunday in the Park with George*. The two-year period we spent writing that show was in itself a bit of a fairy tale for me. And after *Sunday* opened, we immediately decided to find another project to write, and we began throwing around ideas. At the time, Steve was interested in video games and suggested that we write a "quest" musical, perhaps along the lines of *The Wizard of Oz*. I responded that my interest ran more towards fairy tales. Our relationship to them was quite different: Sondheim grew up on the classic Disney cartoons, which were loosely based on the 17th-century French tales of Charles Perrault; whereas, when I was a kid I was fascinated with the tales of the 19th-century German Brothers Grimm, whose stories had a decidedly darker take. I was particularly taken with one book that was filled with haunting illustrations by Arthur Rackham, which have stayed with me to this day. Fairy tales, of course, have been around for hundreds of years, and generations of writers have chosen to retell them in their own fashion.

I went off to begin writing a libretto and came up with an original tale about a childless Baker and his Wife, probably inspired by the Grimms' story "The Fisherman and His Wife." It became very clear that writing an original fairy tale had one large handicap: fairy tales by their very nature are short, and their resolutions tend to be quick and arbitrary. Then I struck upon the idea of a mashup of several existing tales, along with the one about a Baker and his Wife—a couple who in their desperation to have a child find themselves suddenly in the woods colliding with witches and princes and giants. When I handed Sondheim a draft of the first scene, I told him that, with all these characters and plots, I didn't see any way this could be musicalized into an opening number. In retrospect, telling Sondheim there was something he couldn't do was the perfect way to get him to the piano and prove me wrong. He wrote the dazzling opening number, "Into the Woods" (a nod to "Follow the Yellow Brick Road") which he constructed to be a recurring theme throughout our show. In *Sunday in the Park with George*, Sondheim based his score on the ten arpeggios that underscored our main character George as he created the park where our action was to take place. In *Woods*, after the opening number, Steve created the "bean" theme: a five-note phrase that accompanies the Baker dropping five beans into Jack's hand in exchange for his cow ("I Guess This Is Goodbye"). This is the first deceit employed by the Baker and his Wife to get their child. Of course, listeners are unlikely to pick up on this motif. But for Sondheim, these five notes would become the core of his score, and carry through to the end of our story and the heartbreaking song "No One Is Alone," which is melodically an inversion of these five notes.

As I continued to write the book, I became intrigued by the notion of "happily ever after." When we read these stories to our children today, are we giving them false expectations? After all, these tales were told centuries ago around a fireplace when living conditions were grim, and any thought of upward mobility was unheard of among the peasant class. A story about a scullery maid like Cinderella becoming a princess one day certainly offered hope. As Steve and I developed our show, we examined the character's "quests" to get something out of reach – and the lengths they had to go to in order to achieve their dreams. We then decided the second act would continue the action beyond "happily ever after," where our characters would be held accountable for the dishonesties they employed to get their "wishes."

Into the Woods went through many incarnations. After numerous readings, two workshops, and an out-of-town tryout in 1986, the show finally landed on Broadway in the fall of 1987. (Sometimes I think new musicals are never really finished; they just have to open at some point.) The show went on to win the Tony Awards for Best Score and Best Book, but lost Best Musical to *The Phantom of the Opera*. It's interesting to note that when we embarked on writing *Woods*, a mysterious disease that would come to be called AIDS was emerging, and by the time the Tony Awards rolled around in 1988 it began to land closer and closer to home. As we left the Tony Awards, we had a celebratory call with our mutual friends, Lee Wright and his wife Diane, both of whom were such fans of the show that they named their son Woody. Lee was diagnosed with AIDS three months later and died within weeks. Sondheim dedicated the score of *Into the Woods* to Lee, Diane and Woody.

About a decade later, we had the opportunity to do a Broadway revival. I was never quite satisfied with my book and took this as an opportunity to do some rewriting. Sondheim had written an additional song for the Witch in the London production, "Our Little World," which we added to this new production. But in the end, we discovered that the show we did years earlier didn't need a new song or my rewrites. Eerily, that production was in rehearsal in New York City on 9/11 when the World Trade Towers came down, and our show suddenly resonated in a whole new way with our audiences.

In this latest revival – 35 years after we opened on Broadway – our audience is emerging from a frightening pandemic, returning to the theater wearing masks and thankful to be part of theater returning. The New York City Center Encores! production of *Into the Woods* began as a two-week run under the terrific direction of Lear deBessonet. The Encores! presentations always have the orchestra on stage as the actors play the show in front of them. This makes for an intimate production: the simple sets and costumes allow the audiences to use their imagination to envision the woods. Assembling an extraordinary cast for both productions under the musical direction of the incomparable Rob Berman, with Jonathan Tunick's glorious orchestrations, the book and score have never been so unencumbered. As I write this, the production is now running on Broadway in the 1,700-seat St. James Theatre to sellout audiences. Sadly, Sondheim passed away before seeing this magical production and the huge success it has become. Oh, that he were here with us to enjoy this moment in the woods.

"I wish."

- James Lapine

ALBUM PRODUCER'S NOTE

I first encountered *Into the Woods* watching the Tony Awards broadcast in 1988 in my hometown of Saint Paul, Minnesota. I was generally familiar with Sondheim's work; I had been singing and playing trombone for years and had acted in a few school productions. But watching the Tonys with *Woods* and *Phantom* that year was almost certainly the beginning of my desire to pursue music and theatre seriously.

Seven years later, I wrote my undergraduate thesis about Steve's shows and moved to New York to study musical theatre writing at NYU-Tisch. Steve and I met in the spring of 1996, and began 25 years of friendship, mentorship, and employment—I was his sometime music assistant, score editor, arranger, orchestrator, conductor, and then for many years, music publisher and record producer. Periodically, I also fixed his computers. I was fortunate to also get to know his wonderful collaborators — James Lapine, John Weidman, Jonathan Tunick, Michael Starobin, and Paul Gemignani — and to make many cast albums with Tommy Krasker and Philip Chaffin.

Into the Woods contains multitudes: hope, happiness, despair, love, loss, and parenthood. Like most great works of art, it affects you differently as you get older. I'm now almost 50 and the father of two teenage boys. My mother passed away seven years ago, and my father in November 2021. Both were too young and sudden losses, and as an only child, I was very close with them. Five days after my father passed, we lost Steve. "Sometimes people leave you / Halfway through the wood" indeed.

Somehow my subconscious knew I couldn't process those two losses at the same time, but I knew it would come eventually. It was at the New York City Center Encores! production of *Into the Woods* that the emotional dam finally broke, during "No More," which has always been a favorite and more so now. When I was told the production was moving to Broadway, and to the St. James (the first Broadway theatre in which I worked, during the revival of Steve's ...*Forum*), I knew I had to be a co-producer on the show and to produce the album. This perfect cast and orchestra in this beautiful production truly honor Steve and James' extraordinary words and music. Making this album has been a genuine joy. I hope you'll find the same joy listening to it.

- Sean Patrick Flahaven

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

The Narrator introduces the inhabitants of three households: beleaguered Cinderella wishes to attend the King's festival, young Jack wishes for his pet cow Milky-White to produce some milk so he won't have to sell her, and a humble Baker and his Wife wish for a child. Little Red Ridinghood, a powerhouse of a girl, stops by the Baker's shop for some goodies to take to her ailing Grandmother. The Witch, a haggard old crone, promises the Baker and his Wife a child, provided they obtain four peculiar items: the cow as white as milk; the cape as red as blood; the hair as yellow as corn; the slipper as pure as gold. They all set off into the woods in pursuit of their wishes **(Prologue: Into the Woods)**.

Cinderella visits her Mother's grave, and her Mother's spirit grants Cinderella's wish, magically producing a beautiful ball gown and slippers **(Cinderella at the Grave)**.

On his way to market with Milky-White, Jack encounters a Mysterious Man, who tells him he'd be "lucky to exchange her for a sack of beans." Meanwhile, Little Red meets the voracious Wolf, who eyes her hungrily **(Hello, Little Girl)**.

The Baker and his Wife meet Jack in the woods. The Baker's Wife convinces Jack to sell Milky-White for five of their six "magic" beans **(I Guess This Is Goodbye)**. When the Baker chastises her for her duplicity, she rationalizes her behavior **(Maybe They're Magic)**.

Elsewhere in the woods, a Prince observes as the Witch calls up to Rapunzel and climbs her hair to scale the tower in which she is held captive.
Little Red arrives at her Granny's house and is promptly eaten by the Wolf. The Baker rescues her, along with her previously consumed Granny, by slitting the beast's belly open. In gratitude, Little Red gives him her cloak and reflects on her newfound knowledge of the world **(I Know Things Now)**.

When Jack's Mother learns that he sold the cow for five beans, she angrily tosses the beans out the window, and a giant stalk begins to grow.

The Baker's Wife comes upon Cinderella, who is frantically running home after the first night of the King's Festival. Despite the splendor of the ball, Cinderella is ambivalent **(A Very Nice Prince)**. The Baker's Wife notices Cinderella's golden slipper and begins to chase her, but Milky-White runs off in the other direction. At the end of their first day, the couple has ended up with only one of the four objects **(First Midnight)**.

Jack, who has climbed the beanstalk and returned with riches, recalls his adventure **(Giants in the Sky)**. Hoping to buy Milky-White back, he gives the Baker five gold pieces and promises to return with more. But the Mysterious Man grabs the money, rebukes the Baker for wishing to buy himself a child, and runs off. The Baker's Wife arrives and admits she lost the cow. They begin to argue, but the Witch interrupts, admonishing them to continue their search.

Cinderella's Prince and his brother, Rapunzel's Prince, compare their tales of romantic woe **(Agony)**.

The Mysterious Man returns Milky-White to the Baker, and the Baker's Wife succeeds in pulling a strand of Rapunzel's hair, which is yellow as corn. She encounters Cinderella, who has fled the second night of the Festival, still unsure of her feelings concerning the Prince.

Having acquired three of the four objects—the cow, the cape and the hair—the Baker and his Wife celebrate their collaboration, rekindling their romance **(It Takes Two)**.

Jack offers the Baker more money for Milky-White, and his Wife is furious to learn that he accepted money for the cow. As they argue, Milky-White suddenly falls to the ground, dead. A clock chimes; two days have passed, and they only have two items **(Second Midnight)**.

The Witch, who discovered her daughter's dalliances with the Prince, implores Rapunzel not to leave her **(Stay With Me)**. Angry and hurt, the Witch chops off Rapunzel's hair and banishes her to the desert.

Jack brags to Little Red about his loot from the kingdom of the Giant. When he mentions a magical golden harp, Little Red dares him to go back and steal it.

Clomping about on one shoe, Cinderella proudly looks back on her decision to leave a clue on the third night of the Festival **(On the Steps of the Palace)**. The Baker's Wife offers her a magic bean in exchange for her remaining slipper, but Cinderella casually tosses the bean away. The Prince approaches, and, to hasten her escape, Cinderella agrees to exchange her slippers for the Wife's more practical footwear.

Triumphantly, the Baker and his Wife present the Witch with four items: the cape, the hair, the slipper and a "white" cow, which is really a substitute cow covered in flour. Seeing through their ruse, the Witch resurrects Milky-White, and they feed the items to the cow. Jack milks her and the Witch drinks, but the potion does not work. The Witch explains that she cannot have touched the ingredients, and she has touched Rapunzel's hair. The Mysterious Man suggests they use the silky hair from an ear of corn. As they scramble to feed the cow, the Witch bluntly reveals to the Baker that the Mysterious Man is his father, long assumed dead. She drinks the new potion and is magically transformed into her former state of youth and beauty. Before the Baker can speak with his father, the Mysterious Man declares, "All is repaired" and dies.

After scouring the kingdom for the foot to fit the golden slipper, the Prince works his way through Cinderella's desperate Stepsisters before he finds his elusive love. At their wedding, Cinderella's friends, the birds, peck at the eyes of her Stepsisters, blinding them. Everyone celebrates their happy ending, as another beanstalk ominously rises behind them **(Ever After)**.

SYNOPSIS

ACT II

The citizens of the kingdom reflect on their good fortune. Suddenly, a loud rumbling and an enormous crash interrupt the celebration. The Baker's house and the Witch's garden are damaged, possibly by a Giant. Seeking safety and answers, everyone journeys back into the wood **(Prologue: So Happy)**.

Meanwhile, the two Princes, now married men, find themselves drawn to new loves **(Agony – Reprise)**.

The travelers meet the Steward and the Royal Family, who are fleeing to safety after the Giant set upon the castle. This Giant—the wife of the Giant killed by Jack—approaches and demands retribution from Jack for her husband's death.

Jack and his Mother are not present, so the Witch, whose transformation left her powerless, suggests they sacrifice the Narrator in Jack's place. Ignoring protestations of the others, the Witch pushes the Narrator towards the Giant. The Giant tosses the Narrator aside, killing him. Jack's Mother enters and angrily argues with the Giant, endangering everyone. To silence her, the Steward strikes her in the head with what turns out to be a fatal blow. Before she dies, she makes the Baker promise to protect her son. The Giant stomps away to find Jack, trampling Rapunzel.

Grieving the loss of her daughter **(Witch's Lament)**, the Witch sets off to capture Jack and hand him over to the Giant.

The Baker and his Wife bicker and leave their baby with Little Red to split up and search for Jack. The Baker's Wife happens upon Cinderella's Prince, who promptly seduces her **(Any Moment)**. As the Prince leaps off to pursue his next adventure, the Baker's Wife muses on her choices, before deciding to rejoin her husband **(Moments in the Woods)**. Resolved, she strides towards the others, but the Giant returns, and she is killed.

The Witch returns to the Baker, Little Red, and Cinderella, with Jack in tow, and tells the Baker his wife is dead. Desperate and embittered, they all blame one another for their predicament **(Your Fault)**. Tired of their pettiness, the Witch denounces the world, recalls her mother's curse, tosses the last of her magic beans, and vanishes **(Last Midnight)**.

Despondent at the loss of his wife, The Baker deserts the others, leaving his child in Cinderella's care. His father, the Mysterious Man, appears. Recalling his own experience, the Man convinces his son that running away will not solve his problems **(No More)**.

Together, the Baker, Cinderella, Jack, and Little Red formulate a plan to kill the Giant: They'll spread pitch on the ground to immobilize her while Cinderella's birds peck at her eyes. With the Giant thus disoriented, the Baker and Jack will strike her a blow from atop a tower.

As the others disperse to set up the ambush, Cinderella sees her Prince one last time. Knowing of his affairs, she sends him away, telling him to consider her a victim of the Giant. "I shall always love the maiden who ran away," he tells her. "And I, the faraway prince," she replies.

Little Red, upset by their plan to kill someone, seeks moral guidance from Cinderella. The Baker tells Jack that his mother was killed, and the adults attempt to console—and caution—the youngsters **(No One Is Alone)**.

The plan works, and the Giant is slain. The Baker, Cinderella, Little Red, and Jack decide to live together and rebuild. All the characters—living and dead—celebrate, and the story ends as it began, with Cinderella declaring, "I wish" **(Finale: Children Will Listen)**.

- Jim Colleran

1. PROLOGUE: INTO THE WOODS

NARRATOR:
Once upon a time –

CINDERELLA:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
– in a far-off kingdom –

CINDERELLA:
More than anything...

NARRATOR:
– lived a young maiden –

CINDERELLA:
More than life...

NARRATOR:
– a sad young lad –

CINDERELLA:
More than jewels...

JACK:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
– and a childless baker –

JACK:
More than life...

CINDERELLA, BAKER:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
– with his wife.

JACK:
More than anything...

CINDERELLA, BAKER, JACK:
More than the moon...

WIFE:
I wish...

CINDERELLA:
The King is giving a Festival.

BAKER, WIFE:
More than life...

JACK:
I wish...

CINDERELLA:
I wish to go to the Festival –

BAKER, WIFE:
More than riches...

CINDERELLA:
– and the Ball...

JACK:
I wish my cow would give us some milk.

CINDERELLA, WIFE:
More than anything...

BAKER:
I wish we had a child.

JACK *(To Cow)*:
Please, pal

WIFE:
I want a child...

JACK:
Squeeze, pal...

CINDERELLA:
I wish to go to the Festival.

JACK:
I wish you'd give us some milk
Or even cheese...

BAKER, WIFE:
I wish we might have a child.

ALL FOUR:
I wish...

STEPMOTHER *(To Cinderella)*:
You wish to go to the Festival?

NARRATOR:
The poor girl's mother had died –

STEPMOTHER:
You, Cinderella, the Festival?
You wish to go to the Festival?

FLORINDA:
What, *you*, Cinderella, the Festival?
The Festival?!

LUCINDA:
What, *you* wish to go to the Festival?!

ALL THREE:
The Festival?!
The King's Festival!!!???

NARRATOR:
– and her father had taken for his new wife –

STEPMOTHER:
The Festival!!!???

NARRATOR:
– a woman with two daughters of her own.

FLORINDA *(To Cinderella)*:
Look at your nails!

LUCINDA:
Look at your dress!

STEPMOTHER:
People would laugh at you –

CINDERELLA:
Nevertheless –

CINDERELLA:
I still wish to go
To the Festival.

STEPSISTERS:
You still wish to go
To the Festival –

STEPMOTHER:
She still wants to go
To the Festival –

STEPSISTERS, STEPMOTHER:
– and dance before the Prince?!

NARRATOR:
All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart. Jack, on the other hand, had no father, and his mother –

JACK'S MOTHER:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
Well, she was not quite beautiful –

JACK'S MOTHER:
I wish my son were not a fool.
I wish my house was not a mess.
I wish the cow was full of milk.
I wish the walls were full of gold –
I wish a lot of things...
You foolish child! What on heaven's name are you doing with a cow inside the house?

JACK:
A warm environment might be just what Milky-White needs to produce his milk.

JACK'S MOTHER:
It's a she! How many times must I tell you? Only *"she"s* can give milk.

(Little Red knocks on the door.)

WIFE:
Why, come in, little girl.

LITTLE RED:
I wish...

It's not for me,
It's for my granny in the woods.
A loaf of bread, please –
To bring my poor old hungry
Granny in the woods...
Just a loaf of bread, please...

NARRATOR:
Cinderella's stepmother had a surprise for her.

STEPMOTHER:
I have emptied a pot of lentils into the ashes for you. If you have picked them out again in two hours' time, you shall go to the Ball with us.

LITTLE RED:
And perhaps a sticky bun?...
Or four?...

CINDERELLA:
Birds in the sky,
Birds in the eaves,
In the leaves,
In the fields,
In the castles and ponds...

LITTLE RED:
...and a few of those pies,
Please...

CINDERELLA:
Come, little birds,
Down from the eaves
And the leaves,
Over fields,
Out of castles and ponds...

JACK:
No, *squeeze*, pal...

CINDERELLA:
Ahhh...
Quick, little birds,
Flick through the ashes.
Pick and peck, but swiftly,
Sift through the ashes
Into the pot...

JACK'S MOTHER:
Listen well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.

JACK:
But, Mother, no – he's the best cow –

JACK'S MOTHER:
Was. Was! *She's* been dry for a week. We've no food nor money and no choice but to sell her while she can still command a price.

JACK:
But Milky-White is my best friend in the whole world!

JACK'S MOTHER:
But... Look at her!

There are bugs on her dugs.
There are flies in her eyes.
There's a lump on her rump
Big enough to be a hump –

JACK:
But –

JACK'S MOTHER:
Son,
We've no time to sit and dither,
While her withers wither with her –
And no one keeps a cow for a friend!

Sometimes I fear you're touched.

LITTLE RED:
Into the woods, it's time to go,
I hate to leave, I have to, though.
Into the woods –
It's time, and so I must begin my journey.

Into the woods and through the trees
To where I am expected, ma'am,
Into the woods to Grandmother's house –
(Mouth full)
Into the woods to Grandmother's house –

WIFE:
You're certain of your way?

LITTLE RED:
The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
I sort of hate to ask it,
But do you have a basket?

BAKER:
Don't stray and be late.

WIFE:
And save some of those sweets for Granny!

LITTLE RED:
Into the woods and down the dell,
The path is straight, I know it well.
Into the woods, and who can tell
What's waiting on the journey?

Into the woods to bring some bread
To Granny who is sick in bed.
Never can tell what lies ahead.
For all that I know, she's already dead.

But into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods
To Grandmother's house
And home before dark!

CINDERELLA:
Fly, birds,
Back to the sky,
Back to the eaves
And the leaves
And the fields
And the –

FLORINDA:
Hurry up and do my hair, Cinderella!
Are you really wearing *that*?

LUCINDA:
Here, I found a little tear, Cinderella!
Can't you hide it with a hat?

CINDERELLA:
You look beautiful.

FLORINDA:
I know.

LUCINDA:
She means me.

FLORINDA:
Put it in a twist.

LUCINDA:
Who will be there?

CINDERELLA:
Mother said be good,
Father said be nice,
That was always their advice.
So be nice, Cinderella,
Good, Cinderella,
Nice good good nice –

FLORINDA:
Tighter!

CINDERELLA:
What's the good of being good
If everyone is blind
And you're always left behind
Never mind, Cinderella,
Kind Cinderella –
Nice good nice kind good nice –

FLORINDA:
(Screams and slaps Cinderella)
Not that tight!

CINDERELLA:
Sorry.

FLORINDA:
Clod.

LUCINDA:
Hee hee hee –
Hee –

NARRATOR:
Because the Baker had lost his mother and father in a baking accident – well, at least that's what he believed – he was eager to have a family of his own, and was concerned that all efforts until now had failed.

(A knock at the Baker's door.)

BAKER:
Who might that be?

WIFE:
We have sold our last loaf of bread...

BAKER:
It's the Witch from next door.

WIFE, BAKER:
We have no bread.

WITCH:
Of course you have no bread!

BAKER:
What do you wish?

WITCH:
It's not what I wish. It's what *you* wish. Nothing cooking in there now, is there?

NARRATOR:
The old enchantress went on to tell the couple that she had placed a spell on their house.

BAKER:
What spell?

WITCH:
In the past, when you were no more than a babe, your father brought his young wife and you to this cottage. They were a handsome couple, but not handsome neighbors. You see, your mother was with child and she had developed an unusual appetite. She took one look at my beautiful garden and told your father that what she wanted more than anything in the world was...

Greens, greens, and nothing but greens:
Parsley, peppers, cabbages and celery,
Asparagus and watercress and
Fiddleferns and lettuce – !
He said, "All right,"
But it wasn't, quite,
'Cause I caught him in the autumn
In my garden one night!
He was robbing me,
Raping me,
Rooting through my rutabaga,
Raiding my arugula and
Ripping up the rampion –
My champion! My favorite! –
I should have laid a spell on him
Right there,
Could have turned him into a stone
Or a dog or a chair
Or a sn –
(Drifts off into a trance.)

But I let him have the rampion –
I'd lots to spare.
In return, however,
I said, "Fair is fair:
You can let me have the baby
That your wife will bear.
And we'll call it square."

BAKER:
I had a brother?

WITCH:
No. But you had a sister.

NARRATOR:
But the Witch refused to tell him any more of his sister. Not even that her name was Rapunzel. She went on:

WITCH:
I thought I had been more than reasonable, and that we all might live happily ever after. Well, how was I to know what your father had also hidden in his pocket?! You see, when I had inherited that garden, my mother had warned me that I would be punished if I ever were to lose any of the
Beans.

BAKER, WIFE:
Beans?

WITCH:
The special beans.
I let him go,
I didn't know
He'd stolen my beans!
I was watching him crawl
Back over the wall – !
And then bang! Crash!
And the lightning flash!

And—well, that's another story,
Never mind.

Anyway, at last
The big day came
And I made my claim.
"Oh, don't take away the baby,"
They shrieked and screeched,
But I did,
And I hid her
Where she'll never be reached.

Your father cried,
And your mother died
When for extra measure –
I admit it was a pleasure –
I said, "Sorry,
I'm still not mollified."

And I laid a little spell on them –
You too, son –
That your family tree
Would always be
A barren one...

So there's no more fuss
And there's no more scenes
And my garden thrives –
You should see my nectarines!
But I'm telling you the same
I tell Kings and Queens:
Don't you ever never ever
Mess around with my greens!
Especially the beans.

JACK'S MOTHER:
Now listen to me, Jack. Lead Milky-White to market and fetch the best price that you can. Take no less than five pounds. Are you listening to me?

JACK:
Yes.

JACK'S MOTHER:
Now how much are you to ask?

JACK:
No more than five pounds.

JACK'S MOTHER, JACK:
Less! Than five.

JACK'S MOTHER:
Jack Jack Jack,
Head in a sack,
The house is getting colder,
This is not a time for dreaming.

Chimney-stack
Starting to crack,
The mice are getting bolder,
The floor's gone slack.
Your mother's getting older,
Your father's not back,
And you can't just sit here dreaming pretty dreams.

To wish and wait
From day to day
Will never keep
The wolves away.

So into the woods, the time is now,
We have to live, I don't care how.
Into the woods to sell the cow,
You must begin the journey.

Straight through the woods and don't delay,
We have to face
The marketplace.
Into the woods to journey's end—

JACK:
Into the woods to sell a friend –

JACK'S MOTHER:
Someday you'll have a real pet, Jack.

JACK:
A piggy?

NARRATOR:
Meanwhile, the Witch, for purposes of her own, explained how the Baker might lift the spell:

WITCH:
You wish to have
The curse reversed?
I'll need a certain
Potion first.

Go to the wood and bring me back
One: the cow as white as milk,
Two: the cape as red as blood,
Three: the hair as yellow as corn,
Four: the slipper as pure as gold.

Bring me these before the chime
Of midnight in three days' time,
And you shall have, I guarantee,
A child as perfect as child can be.

Go to the wood!

STEPMOTHER:
Ladies.
Our carriage waits.

CINDERELLA:
Now may I go to the Festival?

STEPMOTHER:
The Festival – !
Darling, those nails!
Darling, those clothes!
Lentils are one thing but
Darling, with those,

Aymee Garcia, Cole Thompson & Kennedy Kanagawa – "Prologue: Into the Woods"

You'd make us the fools of the Festival
And mortify the Prince!

CINDERELLA'S FATHER:
The carriage is waiting.

STEPMOTHER:
We must be gone.

CINDERELLA:
Good night, Father.

I wish...

BAKER:
Look what I found in Father's hunting jacket.

WIFE:
Six beans.

BAKER:
I wonder if they are the –

WIFE:
Witch's beans? We'll take them with us.

BAKER:
No! You are not coming.

WIFE:
We know you are fearful of the woods at night.

BAKER:
The spell is on *my* house.
Only I can lift the spell,
The spell is on my house.

WIFE:
No, no, the spell is on *our* house.
We must lift the spell together,
The spell is on our house.

BAKER:
No. You are not to come and that is final. Now what am I to return with?

WIFE:
You don't remember?

The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold –

BAKER:
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold...

NARRATOR:
And so the baker, reluctantly, set off to meet the enchantress's demands. As for Cinderella:

CINDERELLA:
I still wish to go to the Festival,
But how am I ever to get to the Festival?

BAKER:
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn –

WIFE:
The slipper –

BAKER:
The slipper as pure as gold...

CINDERELLA:
I know!
I'll visit Mother's grave,
The grave at the hazel tree,
And tell her I just want to
Go to the King's Festival...

BAKER:
The cow, the cape,
The slipper as pure as gold –

WIFE:
The hair –!

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
Into the woods, it's time to go,
It may be all in vain you (I) know.
Into the woods—but even so,
I have to take the journey.

BAKER, CINDERELLA, WIFE:
Into the woods, the path is straight,
You (I) know it well,
But who can tell— ?

BAKER, WIFE:
Into the woods to lift the spell –

CINDERELLA:
Into the woods to visit Mother –

WIFE:
Into the woods to fetch the things –

BAKER:
To make the potion –

CINDERELLA:
To go to the Festival –

BAKER, WIFE, CINDERELLA, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
Into the woods without regret,
The choice is made, the task is set.
Into the woods, but not forget –
Ting why I'm (you're) on the journey.

Into the woods
To get my (our) wish,
I don't care how,
The time is now.

JACK'S MOTHER:
Into the woods to sell the cow –

JACK:
Into the woods to get the money –

WIFE:
Into the woods to lift the spell –

BAKER:
To make the potion –

CINDERELLA:
To go to the Festival –

LITTLE RED:
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

ALL:
The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
No need to be afraid there –

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
There's something in the glade there...

ALL:
Into the woods without delay,
But careful not to lose the way.
Into the woods, who knows what may
Be lurking on the journey?
Into the woods to get the thing
That makes it worth the journeying.
Into the woods—

STEPMOTHER, STEPSISTERS:
To see the King –

JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
To sell the cow –

BAKER, WIFE:
To make the potion –

ALL:
To see –
To sell –
To get –
To bring –
To make –
To lift –
To go to the Festival –!

Into the woods!
Into the woods!
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods,
And home before dark!

2. CINDERELLA AT THE GRAVE

NARRATOR:
Cinderella had planted a branch at the grave of her mother, and she visited there so often, and wept so much, that her tears watered it until it had become a handsome tree.

CINDERELLA:
I've been good and I've been kind, Mother,
Doing only what I learned from you.
Why then am I left behind, Mother,
Is there something more that I should do?
What is wrong with me, Mother?
Something must be wrong.
I wish –

CINDERELLA'S MOTHER:
What, child? Specify. Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor and good fortune, like bad, can befall when least expected.

CINDERELLA:
I wish...

CINDERELLA'S MOTHER:
Do you know what you wish?
Are you certain what you wish
Is what you want?
If you know what you want,
Then make a wish.
Ask the tree,
And you shall have your wish.

CINDERELLA:
Shiver and quiver, little tree.
Silver and gold throw down on me.
I'm off to get my wish.

3. HELLO, LITTLE GIRL

WOLF:
Good day, young lady.

LITTLE RED:
Good day, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF:
Mmmh...
Unhh...

Gavin Creel & Julia Lester – "Hello, Little Girl"

Look at that flesh,
Pink and plump.
Hello, little girl...

Tender and fresh,
Not one lump.
Hello, little girl...

This one's especially lush,
Delicious...

Hello, little girl,
What's your rush?
You're missing all the flowers.
The sun won't set for hours,
Take your time.

LITTLE RED:
Mother said,
"Straight ahead,"
Not to delay
Or be misled.

WOLF:
But slow, little girl,
Hark! And hush –
The birds are singing sweetly.
You'll miss the birds completely,
You're traveling so fleetly.

Grandmother first,
Then Miss Plump...
What a delectable couple:
Utter perfection
One brittle, one supple –
One moment, my dear – !

LITTLE RED:
Mother said,
"Come what may,
Follow the path
And never stray."

WOLF:
Just so, little girl –
Any path.
So many worth exploring.
Just one would be so boring.
And look what you're ignoring...

Think of those crisp,
Aging bones,
Then something fresh on the palate.
Think of that scrumptious carnality
Twice in one day – !
There's no possible way
To describe what you feel
When you're talking to your meal!

LITTLE RED:
Mother said
Not to stray.
Still, I suppose,
A small delay...
Granny might like
A fresh bouquet...

Goodbye, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF:
Goodbye, little girl.
And hello...
(He howls.)

4. I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE

JACK:
I guess this is goodbye, old pal,
You've been a perfect friend.
I hate to see us part, old pal,
Someday I'll buy you back.
I'll see you soon again.
I hope that when I do,
It won't be on a plate.

BAKER:
Take the cow and go home!

WIFE:
I was trying to be helpful.

BAKER:
Magic beans! We've no reason to
believe they're magic! Are we going
to dispel this curse through deceit?

WIFE:
No one would have given him more
for that creature. We did him a
favor. At least now they'll have some
food.

BAKER:
Five beans!

5. MAYBE THEY'RE MAGIC

WIFE:
If you know
What you want,
Then you go
And you find it
And you get it –

BAKER:
Home.

WIFE:
Do we want a child or not?
– And you give
And you take
And you bid
And you bargain,
Or you live to regret it

BAKER:
Will you please go home.

WIFE:
There are rights and wrongs
And in-betweens –
No one waits
When fortune intervenes.
And maybe they're really magic,
Who knows?

Why you do
What you do,
That's the point,
All the rest of it
Is chatter.

BAKER:
(Referring to Milky-White)
Look at her, she's crying.

WIFE:
If the thing you do
Is pure in intent,
If it's meant,
And it's just a little bent,
Does it matter?

BAKER:
Yes.

WIFE:
No, what matters is that
Everyone tells tiny lies –
What's important, really, is the size.

BAKER:
What?

WIFE:
Only three more tries
And we'll have our prize.
When the end's in sight,
You'll realize:
If the end is right,
It justifies
The beans!

6. I KNOW THINGS NOW

LITTLE RED:
Mother said,
"Straight ahead,"
Not to delay
Or be misled.
I should have heeded
Her advice...
But he seemed so nice.

And he showed me things,
Many beautiful things,
That I hadn't thought to explore.
They were off my path,
So I never had dared.
I had been so careful
I never had cared.
And he made me feel excited –
Well, excited and scared.

When he said, "Come in!"
With that sickening grin,
How could I know what was in store?
Once his teeth were bared,
Though, I really got scared –
Well, excited and scared –

But he drew me close
And he swallowed me down,
Down a dark slimy path
Where lie secrets that I never want to know,
And when everything familiar
Seemed to disappear forever,
At the end of the path
Was Granny once again.

So we wait in the dark
Until someone sets us free,
And we're brought into the light,
And we're back at the start.

And I know things now,
Many valuable things,
That I hadn't known before:
Do not put your faith
In a cape and a hood –
They will not protect you
The way that they should –
And take extra care with strangers,
Even flowers have their dangers.
And though scary is exciting,
Nice is different than good.

Now I know:
Don't be scared.
Granny is right,
Just be prepared.
Isn't it nice to know a lot!...

And a little bit not...

7. A VERY NICE PRINCE

WIFE:
Now, the Prince, what was he like?

CINDERELLA:
He's a very nice prince.

WIFE:
And – ?

CINDERELLA:
And –
It's a very nice ball.

WIFE:
And – ?

CINDERELLA:
And –
When I entered, they trumpeted.

WIFE:
And – ?
The Prince – ?

CINDERELLA:
Oh, the Prince...

WIFE:
Yes, the Prince!

CINDERELLA:
Well, he's tall.

WIFE:
Is that all?
Did you dance?
Is he charming? They say that he's charming.

CINDERELLA:
We did nothing *but* dance.

WIFE:
Yes – ? And – ?

CINDERELLA:
And it made a nice change.

WIFE:
No, the Prince!

CINDERELLA:
Oh, the Prince...

WIFE:
Yes, the Prince.

CINDERELLA:
He has charm for a prince, I guess...

WIFE:
Guess?

CINDERELLA:
I don't meet a wide range.
And it's all very strange.

WIFE:
Are you to return to the Festival tomorrow eve?

CINDERELLA:
Perhaps.

WIFE:
Perhaps? Oh, to be pursued by a prince. All that pursues me is tomorrow's bread. What I wouldn't give to be in your shoes.

CINDERELLA:
Will you look over there. An enormous vine growing next to that little cottage!

WIFE:
...I mean slippers.

CINDERELLA:
It looks like a giant beanstalk rising into the sky.

WIFE:
As pure as gold?

CINDERELLA:
I must get home.

WIFE:
Wait! I need your shoes! Hey! Come back here!

8. FIRST MIDNIGHT

BAKER:
One midnight gone...

MYSTERIOUS MAN:
No knot unties itself...

WITCH:
Sometimes the things you most wish for
Are not to be touched...

PRINCES:
The harder to get, the better to have...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Agreed?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Agreed.

FLORINDA:
Never wear mauve at a ball...

LUCINDA:
Or pink...

STEPMOTHER:
Or open your mouth...

JACK:
The difference between a cow and a bean
Is a bean can begin an adventure...

JACK'S MOTHER:
Slotted spoons don't hold much soup...

LITTLE RED:
The prettier the flower, the farther from the path...

CINDERELLA'S FATHER:
The closer to the family, the closer to the wine...

RAPUNZEL:
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah...

WITCH:
One midnight gone!...

GRANNY:
The mouth of a wolf's not the end of the world...

STEWARD:
A servant is not just a dog, to a prince...

CINDERELLA:
Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor...

WIFE:
You may know what you need,
But to get what you want,
Better see that you keep what you have.

BAKER:
One midnight gone...

WITCH:
Sometimes the things you most wish for
Are not to be touched...

PRINCES:
The harder to get the better to have...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Agreed?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Agreed.

BAKER:
One midnight gone...one midnight gone...

FLORINDA:
Never wear mauve to a ball...

LUCINDA:
Or pink...

JACK'S MOTHER:
Slotted spoons don't hold much soup...

WIFE:
To get what you want better keep what you...

LITTLE RED:
The prettier the flower...

ALL:
One midnight...
One midnight...
One midnight gone...

Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods, then out of the woods
And home before –

9. GIANTS IN THE SKY

JACK:
There are giants in the sky!
There are big tall terrible giants in the sky!

When you're way up high
And you look below
At the world you left
And the things you know,
Little more than a glance
Is enough to show
You just how small you are.

When you're way up high
And you're on your own
In a world like none
That you've ever known,
Where the sky is lead
And the earth is stone,
You're free to do
Whatever pleases you,
Exploring things you'd never dare
'Cause you don't care,
When suddenly there's
A big tall terrible giant at the door,
A big tall terrible lady giant sweeping the floor.

And she gives you food
And she gives you rest
And she draws you close
To her giant breast,
And you know things now that you never knew before,
Not till the sky.

Only just when you've made
A friend and all,
And you know she's big
But you don't feel small,
Someone bigger than her
Comes along the hall
To swallow you for lunch.

And your heart is lead
And your stomach stone
And you're really scared
Being all alone...

And it's then that you long
For the things you've known
And the world you left
And the little you own –
The fun is done.

Joshua Henry & Gavin Creel – "Agony"

You steal what you can and run!
And you scramble down
And you look below,
And the world you know
Begins to grow:

The roof, the house, and your mother
at the door.
The roof, the house, and the world you
never thought to explore.
And you think of all the things you've
seen,
And you wish that you could live in
between,
And you're back again,
Only different than before,
After the sky.

There are giants in the sky!
There are big tall terrible
awesome scary
Wonderful giants in the sky!

10. AGONY

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Did I abuse her
Or show her disdain?
Why does she run from me?
If I should lose her,
How shall I regain
The heart she has won from me?

Agony!
Beyond power of speech,
When the one thing you want
Is the only thing out of your reach.

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
High in her tower,
She sits by the hour,
Maintaining her hair.
Blithe and becoming,
And frequently humming
A lighthearted air:
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah –
Agony!
Far more painful than yours,
When you know she would go with you,
If there only were doors.

BOTH:
Agony!
Oh the torture they teach!

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
What's as intriguing –

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Or half so fatiguing –

BOTH:
As what's out of reach?

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Am I not sensitive, clever,
Well-mannered, considerate,
Passionate, charming,
As kind as I'm handsome,
And heir to a throne?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
You are everything maidens could wish
for!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Then why no – ?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Do I know?

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
The girl must be mad!

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
You know nothing of madness
Till you're climbing her hair
And you see her up there
As you're nearing her,
All the while hearing her
"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-
ah-ah-ah –"

BOTH:
Agony!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Misery!

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Woe!

BOTH:
Though it's different for each.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Always ten steps behind –

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Always ten feet below –

BOTH:
And she's just out of reach.
Agony
That can cut like a knife!

I must have her to wife.

11. IT TAKES TWO

WIFE:
You've changed.
You're daring.
You're different in the woods.
More sure.
More sharing.

Sara Bareilles & Brian d'Arcy James – "It Takes Two"

You're getting us through the woods.

If you could see –
You're not the man who started,
And much more open-hearted
Than I knew
You to be.

BAKER:
It takes two.
I thought one was enough,
It's not true:
It takes two of us.
You came through
When the journey was rough.
It took you.
It took two of us.

It takes care,
It takes patience and fear and despair
To change.
Though you swear
To change,
Who can tell if you do?
It takes two.

WIFE:
You've changed.
You're thriving.
There's something about the woods.
Not just
Surviving,
You're blossoming in the woods.

At home I'd fear
We'd stay the same forever.
And then out here
You're passionate, charming,
considerate, clever –

BAKER:
It takes one
To begin, but then once
You've begun,
It takes two of you.
It's no fun,
But what needs to be done
You can do
When there's two of you.

If I dare,
It's because I'm becoming
Aware of us
As a pair of us,
Each accepting a share
Of what's there.

BOTH:
We've changed.
We're strangers.
I'm meeting you in the woods.
Who minds
What dangers?
I know we'll get past the woods.
And once we're past,
Let's hope the changes last

Beyond woods,
Beyond witches and slippers and
hoods,
Just the two of us –
Beyond lies,
Safe at home with our beautiful prize,
Just the few of us.

It takes trust.
It takes just
A bit more
And we're done.
We want four,
We had none.
We've got three.
We need one.
It takes two.

12. SECOND MIDNIGHT

WITCH:
Two midnights gone!

CINDERELLA:
Wanting a ball is not wanting a prince...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Near may be better than far,
But it still isn't *there*...

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Near may be better than far,
But it still isn't *there*...

CINDERELLA:
The ball...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
So near...

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
So far...

STEPMOTHER:
You can never love somebody else's
child –

FLORINDA, LUCINDA:
Two midnights gone!

STEPMOTHER:
– the way you love –

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
So near...

STEPMOTHER:
– your own.

CINDERELLA:
The Prince...

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
So far...

GRANNY:
The greatest prize can often lie
At the end of the thorniest path...

ALL:
Two midnights gone!
Two midnights gone!

NARRATOR:
Two midnights gone. And the exhausted Baker and his Wife buried the dead Milky-White.

13. STAY WITH ME

WITCH:
What did I clearly say?
Children must listen.
(Grabs Rapunzel's hair and takes out scissors.)

RAPUNZEL:
No, no, please!

WITCH:
What were you not to do?
Children must see –

RAPUNZEL:
No!

WITCH:
And learn.

Why could you not obey?
Children should listen.
What have I been to you?
What would you have me be?
Handsome like a prince?
Ah, but I am old.
I am ugly.
I embarrass you.

RAPUNZEL:
No!

WITCH:
Yes! You are ashamed of me.

RAPUNZEL:
No!

WITCH:
You are ashamed.

RAPUNZEL:
You don't understand.
It was lonely atop that tower.

WITCH:
I was not company enough?

RAPUNZEL:
I am no longer a child. I wish to see the world.

WITCH:
Don't you know what's out there in the world?
Someone has to shield you from the world.
Stay with me.

Princes wait there in the world, it's true.
Princes, yes, but wolves and humans, too.
Stay at home.
I am home.

Who out there could love you more than I?
What out there that I cannot supply?
Stay with me.
Stay with me,
The world is dark and wild.
Stay a child while you can be a child.
With me.

14. ON THE STEPS OF THE PALACE

CINDERELLA:
He's a very smart prince,
He's a prince who prepares.
Knowing this time I'd run from him,
He spread pitch on the stairs.
I was caught unawares.

And I thought: well, he cares –
This is more than just malice.
Better stop and take stock
While you're standing here stuck
On the steps of the palace.

You think, what do you want?
You think, make a decision.
Why not stay and be caught?
You think, well, it's a thought,
What would be his response?
But then what if he knew
Who you were when you know
That you're not what he thinks
That he wants?

And then what if you are
What a prince would envision?
Although how can you know
Who you are till you know
What you want, which you don't?
So then which do you pick:
Where you're safe, out of sight,
And yourself, but where everything's wrong?
Or where everything's right

Patina Miller – "Witch's Lament"

And you know that you'll never
belong?

And whichever you pick,
Do it quick,
'Cause you're starting to stick
To the steps of the palace.

It's your first big decision,
The choice isn't easy to make.
To arrive at a Ball
Is exciting and all –
Once you're there, though, it's
scary.
And it's fun to deceive
When you know you can leave,
But you have to be wary.

There's a lot that's at stake,
But you've stalled long enough
'Cause you're still standing stuck
In the stuff on the steps...

Better run along home
And avoid the collision.
Even though they don't care,
You'll be better off there
Where there's nothing to choose,
So there's nothing to lose.
So you pry up your shoes.

Then from out of the blue,
And without any guide,
You know what your decision is,
Which is not to decide.
You'll just leave him a clue:
For example, a shoe.
And then see what he'll do.

Now it's he and not you
Who is stuck with a shoe,
In a stew,
In the goo,
And you've learned something,
too,
Something you never knew,
On the steps of the palace!

15. EVER AFTER

NARRATOR:
And it came to pass, all that seemed wrong was now right, the kingdoms were filled with joy, and those who deserved to were certain to live a long and happy life. Ever after...

COMPANY:
Ever after!

NARRATOR:
Journey over, all is mended,
And it's not just for today,
But tomorrow, and extended
Ever after!

COMPANY:
Ever after!

NARRATOR:
All the curses have been ended,
The reverses wiped away.
All is tenderness and laughter
For forever after!

COMPANY:
Happy now and happy hence
And happy ever after!

NARRATOR:
There were dangers –

COMPANY:
We were frightened –

NARRATOR:
And confusions –

COMPANY:
But we hid it –

NARRATOR:
And the paths would often swerve.

COMPANY:
We did not.

NARRATOR:
There were constant –

COMPANY:
It's amazing –

NARRATOR:
Disillusions –

COMPANY:
That we did it.

NARRATOR:
But they never lost their nerve.

COMPANY:
Not a lot.

NARRATOR, COMPANY:
And they (we) reached the right conclusions,
And they (we) got what they (we) deserve!

COMPANY:
Not a sigh and not a sorrow,
Tenderness and laughter.
Joy today and bliss tomorrow,
And forever after!

FLORINDA:
I was greedy.

LUCINDA:
I was vain.

FLORINDA:
I was haughty.

LUCINDA:
I was smug.

BOTH:
We were happy.

LUCINDA:
It was fun.

FLORINDA:
But we were blind.

BOTH:
Then we went into the woods
To get our wish
And now we're really blind.

WITCH:
I was perfect.
I had everything but beauty.
I had power,
And a daughter like a flower,
In a tower.
Then I went into the woods
To get my wish
And now I'm ordinary.
Lost my power and my flower.

FLORINDA, LUCINDA:
We're unworthy.

FLORINDA, LUCINDA, WITCH:
We're (I'm) unhappy now, unhappy hence,
As well as ever after.
Had we used our common sense,
Been worthy of our discontents...

COMPANY:
To be happy, and forever,
You must see your wish come true.
Don't be careful, don't be clever.
When you see your wish, pursue.
It's a dangerous endeavor,
But the only thing to do –

Though it's fearful,
Though it's deep, though it's dark,
And though you may lose the path,
Though you may encounter wolves,
You mustn't stop,
You mustn't swerve,
You mustn't ponder,
You have to act!
When you know your wish,
If you want your wish,
You can have your wish,
But you can't just wish –
No, to get your wish

You go into the woods,
Where nothing's clear,
Where witches, ghosts
And wolves appear.
Into the woods
And through the fear,
You have to take the journey.

Into the woods
And down the dell,
In vain perhaps,
But who can tell?

Into the woods to lift the spell,
Into the woods to lose the longing.
Into the woods to have the child,
To wed the Prince,
To get the money,
To save the house,
To kill the wolf,
To find the father,
To conquer the kingdom,

To have, to wed,
To get, to save,
To kill, to keep,
To go to the Festival!

Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods –

NARRATOR:
To be continued...

ALL:
– and happy ever after!

16. PROLOGUE: SO HAPPY

NARRATOR:
Once upon a time – later –

CINDERELLA:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
– in the same far-off kingdom –

CINDERELLA:
More than anything...

NARRATOR:
– lived a young princess –

CINDERELLA:
More than life...

NARRATOR:
– the lad Jack –

CINDERELLA:
More than footmen...

JACK:
I wish...

NARRATOR:
– and the Baker and his family –

BABY:
Waaah!

JACK:
No, I miss...

BAKER AND WIFE:
I wish...

BABY:
Waaah!

JACK:
More than anything...

CINDERELLA, BAKER, JACK:
More than the moon...

WIFE:
(To the baby)
There, there...

CINDERELLA:
I wish to sponsor a Festival.

BABY:
Waaah!

BAKER:
More than life...

JACK:
I miss...

CINDERELLA:
The time has come for a Festival...

BABY:
Waaah!

WIFE:
Shh...

BAKER:
More than riches...

CINDERELLA:
And a Ball...

JACK:
I miss my kingdom up in the sky.

CINDERELLA, BAKER:
More than anything...

WIFE:
I wish we had more room...

JACK:
Play, harp...

BAKER:
Another room...

NARRATOR:
But despite some minor inconveniences, they were all content...

CINDERELLA:
I never thought I'd wed a prince...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
I never thought I'd find perfection...

BOTH:
I never thought I could be so happy!

CINDERELLA:
Not an unhappy moment since...

JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
I didn't think we'd be this rich...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Not a conceivable objection...

BAKER, WIFE:
I never thought we'd have a baby...

CINDERELLA, CINDERELLA'S PRINCE, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
I never thought I could be so happy!

BAKER, WIFE:
I'm so happy!

STEPMOTHER:
Happy now,
Happy hence,
Happy ever after –

STEPMOTHER, STEPSISTERS:
We're so happy you're so happy!
Just as long as you stay happy,
We'll stay happy!

CINDERELLA, CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Not one row...

JACK'S MOTHER:
Pots of pence...

JACK:
With my cow...

BAKER, WIFE:
Little gurgles...

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Darling, I must go now ...

JACK'S MOTHER:
We should really sell it.

BAKER:
Where's the cheesecloth?

ALL OTHERS:
Wishes may bring problems,
Such that you regret them.

ALL:
Better that, though,
Than to never get them...

CINDERELLA:
I'm going to be a perfect wife!

JACK:
I'm going to be a perfect son!

WIFE, JACK'S MOTHER:
I'm going to be a perfect mother!

BAKER:
I'm going to be a perfect father!
I'm so happy!

CINDERELLA, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER, WIFE:
I'm going to see that he (she)
Is so happy!

ALL:
I never thought I'd love my life!
I would have settled for another!

CINDERELLA:
Then to become a wife...

JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
Then to be set for life...

BAKER, WIFE:
Then to beget a child...

ALL:
That fortune smiled...
I'm so happy.

WIFE:
If only this cottage were a little larger.

BAKER:
I will expand our quarters in due time.

WIFE:
Why would we expand when we can simply move to another cottage?

BAKER:
We will not move. This was my father's house; now it will be my son's.

WIFE:
You would raise your child alongside a witch?

BABY:
Waaah!

BAKER:
Why does he always cry when I hold him.

WIFE:
Babies cry. He's fine. You needn't hold him as if he were so fragile.

BAKER:
He wants his mother. Here.

WIFE:
I can't take care of him all the time!

BAKER:
I will care for him when he's older.

BAKER, WIFE, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER:
We had to go through thick and thin.

STEPMOTHER, LUCINDA, FLORINDA:
We had to lose a lot to win.

CINDERELLA:
I ventured out and saw within.

ALL:
I never thought I'd be so much
I hadn't been!
I'm so happy – *(a loud rumbling noise)*

WIFE:
Oh, my goodness.

BAKER:
Are you alright?

WIFE:
I think so.

BAKER:
And the baby?

WIFE:
Yes, he's fine. Are you alright?

(The Witch enters.)

BAKER:
You! Have you done this to our house?

WITCH:
Always thinking of yourself! Look at my garden.

WIFE:
What of your garden?

WITCH:
Look!

BAKER:
Destroyed.

WIFE:
What has happened?

WITCH:
I was thrown to the ground. I saw nothing.

WIFE:
What could do such a thing?

BAKER:
An earthquake.

WITCH:
No earthquake! My garden has been trampled. Those are footprints!

WIFE:
Who could do such a thing?

WITCH:
Anything that leaves a footprint that large is no "who."

BAKER:
Do you think it was a bear?

WITCH:
A bear? Bears are sweet.
Besides, you ever see a bear with forty-foot feet?

WIFE:
A dragon?

WITCH:
No scorch marks –
Usually they're linked.

BAKER:
Manticore?

WITCH:
Imaginary.

WIFE, BAKER:
Griffin?

WITCH:
Extinct.

BAKER:
Giant?

WITCH:
Possible. Very, very possible...

NARRATOR:
More than possible. Their fears would prove to be well-founded...

BAKER:
Into the woods,
It's always when
You think at last
You're through, and then
Into the woods you go again
To take another journey.

WIFE:
Into the woods,
The weather's clear,
We've been before,
We've naught to fear...
Into the woods, away from here –

JACK:
Into the woods, to find a giant – !

LITTLE RED:
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

BAKER:
Into the woods,
The path is straight,

No reason then
To hesitate –

WIFE:
Into the woods,
It's not so late,
It's just another journey...

CINDERELLA:
Into the woods,
But not too long:
The skies are strange,
The winds are strong.
Into the woods to see what's wrong...

JACK:
Into the woods, to slay the giant!

JACK, BAKER, CINDERELLA, LITTLE RED, WIFE:
Into the woods

WIFE:
To shield the child...

LITTLE RED:
To flee the winds...

BAKER:
To find a future...

WIFE:
To shield...

JACK:
To slay...

LITTLE RED:
To flee...

CINDERELLA:
To find...

BAKER:
To fix...

WIFE:
To hide...

LITTLE RED:
To move...

JACK:
To battle...

CINDERELLA:
To see what the trouble is...

17. AGONY (REPRISE)

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
High in a tower –
Like yours was, but higher –
A beauty asleep.
All 'round the tower
A thicket of briar
A hundred feet deep.

Agony!
No frustration more keen,
When the one thing you want
Is a thing that you've not even seen.

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
I've found a casket
Entirely of glass –
No, it's unbreakable.
Inside – don't ask it –
A maiden, alas,
Just as unwakeable –

BOTH:
What unmistakable agony!
Is the way always barred?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
She has skin white as snow –

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Did you learn her name?

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
No,
There's a dwarf standing guard.

BOTH:
Agony!
Such that princes must weep!
Always in thrall most
To anything almost,
Or something asleep.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
If it were not for the thicket –

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
A thicket's no trick.
Is it thick?

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
It's the thickest.

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
The quickest
Is pick it
Apart with a stick –

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Yes, but even one prick –
It's my thing about blood.

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Well, it's sick!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
It's no sicker
Than your thing with dwarves.

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Dwarfs.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Dwarfs...

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Dwarfs are very upsetting.

Company – Act II, Scene 2

BOTH:
Not forgetting
The tasks unachievable,
Mountains unscalable –
If it's conceivable
But unavailable,
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah –
Agony!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Misery!

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
Woe!

BOTH:
Not to know what you miss.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
While they lie there for years –

RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE:
And you cry on their biers –

BOTH:
What unbearable bliss!
Agony
That can cut like a knife!

Ah, well, back to my wife...

18. WITCH'S LAMENT

WITCH:
This is the world I meant.
Couldn't you listen?
Couldn't you stay content,
Safe behind walls,
As I
Could not?
Now you know what's out there in the world.
No one can prepare you for the world.
Even I.
How could I, who loved you as you were,
How could I have shielded you from her?
Or them!

No matter what you say,
Children won't listen.
No matter what you know,
Children refuse
To learn.
Guide them along the way,
Still they won't listen.
Children can only grow
From something you love
To something you lose...

19. ANY MOMENT

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Anything can happen in the woods.
May I kiss you?
Any moment we could be crushed.

WIFE:
Uh –

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Don't feel rushed.
(He kisses her.)

WIFE:
This is ridiculous,
What am I doing here?
I'm in the wrong story.
Wait, wait one moment, please! We can't do this! You have a princess.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Well, yes, I do.

WIFE:
And I have a...baker.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Of course, you're right. How foolish.
Foolishness can happen in the woods.
Once again, please –
Let your hesitations be hushed.
Any moment, big or small,
Is a moment, after all.
Seize the moment, skies may fall
Any moment.
(He kisses her again.)

WIFE:
But this is not right!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
Right and wrong don't matter in the woods,
Only feelings.
Let us meet the moment unblushed.
Life is often so unpleasant –
You must know that, as a peasant –
Best to take the moment present
As a present for the moment.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
I must leave you.

WIFE:
Why?

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
The giant.

WIFE:
The giant. I had almost forgotten. Will we find each other in the woods again?

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE:
This was just a moment in the woods.
Our moment,
Shimmering and lovely and sad.
Leave the moment, just be glad
For the moment that we had.
Every moment is of moment
When you're in the woods...
Now I must go off to slay a giant, for that is what the next moment holds for me. I shall not forget you. How brave you are to be alone in the woods. And how alive you've made me feel.

20. MOMENTS IN THE WOODS

WIFE:
What was that?

Was that me?
Was that him?
Did a prince really kiss me?
And kiss me?
And kiss me?
And did I kiss him back?

Was it wrong?
Am I mad?
Is that all?
Does he miss me?
Was he suddenly
Getting bored with me?

Wake up! Stop dreaming.
Stop prancing about the woods.
It's not beseeming.
What is it about the woods?

Back to life, back to sense,
Back to child, back to husband,
No one lives in the woods.
There are vows, there are ties,
There are needs, there are standards,
There are shouldn'ts and shoulds.

Sara Bareilles – "Moments in the Woods"

Why not both instead?
There's the answer, if you're clever:
Have a child for warmth,
And a baker for bread,
And a prince for whatever.
Never!
It's these woods.

Face the facts, find the boy,
Join the group, stop the Giant –
Just get out of the woods.
Was that him? Yes, it was.
Was that me? No, it wasn't,
Just a trick of the woods.

Just a moment,
One peculiar passing moment.

Must it all be either less or more,
Either plain or grand?
Is it always "or"?
Is it never "and"?
That's what woods are for:
For those moments in the woods...

Oh, if life were made of moments,
Even now and then a bad one – !
But if life were only moments,
Then you'd never know you had one.

First a witch, then a child,
Then a prince, then a moment –
Who could live in the woods?
And to get what you wish,
Only just for a moment –
These are dangerous woods...

Let the moment go...
Don't forget it for a moment, though.
Just remembering you've had an
"and,"
When you're back to "or,"
Makes the "or" mean more
Than it did before.

Now I understand –
And it's time to leave the woods.

21. YOUR FAULT

BAKER
It's because of you there's a giant in our midst and my wife is dead!

JACK:
But it wasn't my fault,
I was given those beans!
You persuaded me to trade away
My cow for beans!
And without those beans
There'd have been no stalk
To get up to the giants
In the first place!

BAKER:
Wait a minute, *magic* beans
For a cow so old
That you had to tell
A lie to sell
It, which you told!
Were they worthless beans?
Were they oversold?
Oh, and tell us who
Persuaded you
To steal that gold!

LITTLE RED:
See, it's your fault.

JACK:
No!

BAKER:
So it's your fault...

JACK:
No!

LITTLE RED:
Yes, it is!

JACK:
It's not!

BAKER:
It's true.

JACK:
Wait a minute, though –
I only stole the gold
To get my cow back
From you!

LITTLE RED:
So it's your fault!

JACK:
Yes!

BAKER:
No, it isn't!
I'd have kept those beans,
But our house was cursed.
She made us get a cow to get
The curse reversed!

WITCH:
It's his father's fault
That the curse got placed
And the place got cursed
In the first place!

LITTLE RED:
Oh.
Then it's his fault!

WITCH:
So.

CINDERELLA:
It was his fault...

JACK:
No.

BAKER:
Yes, it is,
It's his.

CINDERELLA:
I guess...

JACK:
Wait a minute, though –
I chopped down the beanstalk,
Right? That's clear.
But without any beanstalk,
Then what's queer
Is how did the second giant get down here
In the first place?
Second place...

CINDERELLA:
Yes!

LITTLE RED:
How?

BAKER:
Hmm...

JACK:
Well,
Who had the other bean?

BAKER:
The other bean?

CINDERELLA:
The other bean?

JACK:
You pocketed the other bean.

BAKER:
I didn't!
Yes, I did.

LITTLE RED:
So it's *your* f–!

BAKER:
No, it isn't,
'Cause I gave it to my wife!

LITTLE RED:
So it's *her* f–!

BAKER:
No, it isn't!

CINDERELLA:
Then whose is it?

BAKER:
Wait a minute!
She exchanged that bean
To obtain your shoe,
So the one who knows what happened
To the bean is you!

CINDERELLA:
You mean that old bean –
That your wife – ? Oh, dear –
But I never knew,
And so I threw –
Well, don't look here!

LITTLE RED:
So it's your fault!

CINDERELLA:
But –

JACK:
See, it's her fault –

CINDERELLA:
But –

JACK:
And it isn't mine at all!

BAKER:
But what?

CINDERELLA:
Well, if you hadn't gone
Back up again –

JACK:
We were needy –

CINDERELLA:
You were greedy!
Did you need that hen?

JACK:
But I got it for my mother – !

LITTLE RED:
So it's *her* fault then!

CINDERELLA:
Yes, and what about the harp
In the third place?

BAKER:
The harp – yes!

JACK:
She went and dared me to!

LITTLE RED:
I dared you to?

JACK:
You dared me to!
She said that I was scared –

LITTLE RED:
Me?

JACK:
– to.
She dared me!

LITTLE RED:
No, I didn't!

BAKER, CINDERELLA, JACK:
So it's your fault!

LITTLE RED:
Wait a minute – !

CINDERELLA:
If you hadn't dared him to –

BAKER:
And you had left the harp alone,
We wouldn't be in trouble
In the first place!

LITTLE RED:
Well, if you hadn't thrown away the bean
In the first place – !
It was your fault!

CINDERELLA:
Well, if she hadn't raised them in the first place – !

JACK
Yes, if you hadn't raised them in the first place – !

LITTLE RED, BAKER:
Right! It's you who raised the beans in the first place – !

CINDERELLA:
You raised the beans in the first place!

JACK:
It's your fault!

CINDERELLA, JACK, LITTLE RED, BAKER:
You're responsible!
You're the one to blame!
It's your fault!

WITCH:
Shhhhhhhhhhh!

22. LAST MIDNIGHT

WITCH:
It's the last midnight.
It's the last wish.
It's the last midnight,
Soon it will be boom –
Squish!

Told a little lie,
Stole a little gold,
Broke a little vow,
Did you?
Had to get your prince,
Had to get your cow,
Have to get your wish,
Doesn't matter how –
Anyway, it doesn't matter now.

It's the last midnight,
It's the boom –
Splat!
Nothing but a vast midnight,
Everybody smashed flat!

Nothing we can do...
Not exactly true:
We can always give her the boy...
No?
No, of course what really matters
Is the blame.
Someone you can blame.
Fine, if that's the thing you enjoy,
Placing the blame.
If that's the aim,
Give me the blame –
Just give me the boy.

LITTLE RED, CINDERELLA:
No!

WITCH:
No...
You're so nice.
You're not good,
You're not bad,
You're just nice.
I'm not good,
I'm not nice,
I'm just right.
I'm the witch.
You're the world.

I'm the hitch,
I'm what no one believes,
I'm the witch.
You're all liars and thieves,
Like his father,
Like his son will be, too –
Oh, why bother?
You'll just do what you do.

It's the last midnight,
So goodbye, all.
Coming at you fast, midnight –
Soon you'll see the sky fall.

Here, you want a bean?
(Throws beans on the ground.)
Have another bean.
Beans were made for making you rich!
Plant them and they soar –
Here, you want some more?
Listen to the roar:

Giants by the score – !
Oh well, you can blame another witch.

It's the last midnight,
It's the last verse.
Now, before it's past midnight,
I'm leaving you my last curse:

I'm leaving you alone.
You can tend the garden, it's yours.
Separate and alone,
Everybody down on all fours.

All right, Mother, when?
Lost the beans again!
Punish me the way you did then!
Give me claws and a hunch,
Just away from this bunch
And the gloom
And the doom
And the boom
Cruuunch!

23. NO MORE

BAKER:
No more questions.
Please.
No more tests.
Comes the day you say, "What for?"
Please – no more.

MYSTERIOUS MAN:
We disappoint,
We disappear,
We die but we don't...

BAKER:
What?

MYSTERIOUS MAN:
They disappoint
In turn, I fear.
Forgive, though, they won't...

BAKER:
No more riddles.
No more jests.
No more curses you can't undo,
Left by fathers you never knew.
No more quests.
No more feelings.
Time to shut the door.
Just – no more.

MYSTERIOUS MAN:
Running away – let's do it,
Free from the ties that bind.
No more despair
Or burdens to bear
Out there in the yonder.

Running away – go to it.
Where did you have in mind?
Have to take care:
Unless there's a "where,"
You'll only be wandering blind.
Just more questions.
Different kind.

Where are we to go?
Where are we ever to go?

Running away – we'll do it.
Why sit around, resigned?
Trouble is, son,
The farther you run,
The more you feel undefined
For what you have left undone
And, more, what you've left behind.

We disappoint,
We leave a mess,
We die but we don't...

BAKER:
We disappoint
In turn, I guess.
Forget, though, we won't...

BOTH:
Like father, like son.

BAKER:
No more giants,
Waging war.
Can't we just pursue our lives
With our children and our wives?
Till that happier day arrives,
How do you ignore
All the witches,
All the curses,
All the wolves, all the lies,
The false hopes, the goodbyes, the reverses,
All the wondering what even worse is
Still in store?

All the children...
All the giants...
No more.

24. NO ONE IS ALONE

CINDERELLA:
Mother cannot guide you.
Now you're on your own.
Only me beside you.
Still, you're not alone.
No one is alone, truly.
No one is alone.

Sometimes people leave you
Halfway through the wood.
Others may deceive you.
You decide what's good.
You decide alone.

But no one is alone.

LITTLE RED:
I wish...

CINDERELLA:
I know...

CINDERELLA:
Mother isn't here now.

BAKER:
Wrong things, right things...

CINDERELLA:
Who knows what she'd say?

BAKER:
Who can say what's true?

CINDERELLA:
Nothing's quite so clear now –

BAKER:
Do things, fight things...

CINDERELLA:
Feel you've lost your way?

BAKER:
You decide,
But you are not alone.

CINDERELLA:
You are not alone,
Believe me.
No one is alone.

BAKER:
No one is alone,
Believe me.

CINDERELLA:
Truly...

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
You move just a finger,
Say the slightest word,
Something's bound to linger,
Be heard.

BAKER:
No one acts alone.
Careful.
No one is alone.

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
People make mistakes.

BAKER:
Fathers,

CINDERELLA:
Mothers.

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
People make mistakes,
Holding to their own,
Thinking they're alone.

CINDERELLA:
Honor their mistakes –

BAKER:
Fight for their mistakes –

CINDERELLA:
Everybody makes –

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
One another's
Terrible mistakes.
Witches can be right,
Giants can be good.
You decide what's right,
You decide what's good.

CINDERELLA:
Just remember:

BAKER:
Just remember:

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
Someone is on your side.

JACK, LITTLE RED:
Our side.

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
Our side –
Someone else is not.
While we're seeing our side –

JACK, LITTLE RED:
Our side...

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
Our side –

BAKER, CINDERELLA, LITTLE RED, JACK:
Maybe we forgot:
They are not alone.
No one is alone.

CINDERELLA:
Hard to see the light now.

BAKER:
Just don't let it go.

BAKER, CINDERELLA:
Things will come out right now.
We can make it so.
Someone is on your side –

25. FINALE: CHILDREN WILL LISTEN

JACK'S MOTHER:
The slotted spoon *can* catch the potato...

MYSTERIOUS MAN:
Every knot was once straight rope...

PRINCES:
The harder to wake, the better to have...

STEWARD:
The greater the good, the harder the blow...

STEPMOTHER:
When going to hide, know how to get there.

CINDERELLA'S FATHER:
And how to get back...

LUCINDA, FLORINDA:
And eat first...

GRANNY:
The knife that is sharp today may be dull by tomorrow...

RAPUNZEL:
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah...

BAKER:
Now we can all return home and let us hope there will be no more killing.

JACK:
Where am I to go? I have no one to take care of me.

BAKER:
You'll have to take care of yourself now, Jack. It's time.

LITTLE RED:
No it's not. I'll take care of him.

JACK:
You will?

LITTLE RED:
Yes. I'll be your mother now.

JACK:
I don't want another mother, I want a friend. And a pet.

LITTLE RED
(To Baker):
Well, of course, we have nowhere to go, so we'll move in with you.

BAKER:
Oh, no.

LITTLE RED:
It'll be fun!

BAKER:
My house is a shambles and there is hardly any room for –
Of course you can come home with us.

JACK:
And you shall join us, too.

BAKER:
You'll not return to the castle?

CINDERELLA:
I'll gladly help you with your house. There are times I actually enjoy cleaning.
How proud your wife would have been of you.

BAKER:
And how sad it is that my son will never know her.

Maybe I just wasn't meant to have children –

WIFE:
Don't say that!
Of course you were meant to have children...

BAKER:
But how will I go about being a father
With no one to mother my child?

WIFE:
Just calm the child.

BAKER:
Yes, calm the child.

WIFE:
Look, tell him the story
Of how it all happened.
Be father and mother,
You'll know what to do.

BAKER:
Alone...

WIFE:
Sometimes people leave you
Halfway through the wood.
Do not let it grieve you,
No one leaves for good.
You are not alone.
No one is alone.

Hold him to the light now,

Things will be all right now.
Tell him what you know...

BAKER:
Shhh. Once upon a time...in a far-off kingdom...there lived...a young maiden,...a sad young lad...and a childless baker...with his wife.

WITCH:
Careful the things you say,
Children will listen.
Careful the things you do,
Children will see.
And learn.

Children may not obey,
But children will listen.
Children will look to you
For which way to turn,
To learn what to be.

Careful before you say,
"Listen to me."
Children will listen.

COMPANY:
Careful the wish you make,
Wishes are children.
Careful the path they take –
Wishes come true,
Not free.

Careful the spell you cast,
Not just on children.
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you...

WITCH:
Careful the tale you tell.
That is the spell.
Children will listen...

COMPANY:
Though it's fearful,
Though it's deep, though it's dark
And though you may lose the path,
Though you may encounter wolves,
You can't just act,
You have to listen.
You can't just act,
You have to think.

There are always wolves,
There are always spells,
There are always beans,
Or a giant dwells there.

So
Into the woods you go again,
You have to every now and then.
Into the woods, no telling when,
Be ready for the journey.

Into the woods, but not too fast
Or what you wish you lose at last.
Into the woods, but mind the past.
Into the woods, but mind the future.
Into the woods, but not to stray,
Or tempt the Wolf
Or steal from the Giant.

The way is dark.
The light is dim,
But now there's you,
Me, her and him.
The chances look small.
The choices look grim,
But everything you learn there
Will help when you return there.

BAKER, JACK, CINDERELLA, LITTLE RED:
The light is getting dimmer...

BAKER:
I think I see a glimmer –

ALL:
Into the woods – you have to grope,
But that's the way you learn to cope.
Into the woods to find there's hope
Of getting through the journey.

Into the woods, each time you go,
There's more to learn of what you know.
Into the woods, but not too slow –
Into the woods, it's nearing midnight –

Into the woods
To mind the Wolf,
To heed the Witch,
To honor the Giant,
To mind,
To heed,
To find,
To think,
To teach,
To join,
To go to the Festival!

Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods –
And happy ever after!

CINDERELLA:
I wish...

Nancy Opel, Brooke Ishibashi, Ta'Nika Gibson, Phillipa Soo, Gavin Creel – Prologue: So Happy

PRODUCTION CREDITS

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RECORDED BY Lawrence Manchester, Isaiah Abolin, Ian Kagey
RECORDED AT The DiMenna Center for Classical Music on July 18 & 19, 2022. Recording services provided by Audiosmith Digital Solutions, New York, NY. Additional recording at Power Station at Berklee NYC on August 8, 2022.
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SPECIAL THANKS TO James Lapine, Jonathan Tunick, Rick Pappas, John Buzzetti, Jordan Roth, Nicole Kastrinos, Samuel Dallas, Nathan Gehan, Jenny Gersten, Wayne Blood

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GAVIN CREEL JOSHUA HENRY

INTO THE WOODS

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BOOK BY JAMES LAPINE
ORIGINALLY DIRECTED BY JAMES LAPINE
ORCHESTRATIONS BY JONATHAN TUNICK

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THIS PRODUCTION OF *INTO THE WOODS* ORIGINATED AT NEW YORK CITY CENTER ENCORES! IN MAY, 2022
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